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Two Tales,

Translated out of *Ariosto*:

The one in dispraise of Men, the other
in disgrace of Women.

*With certaine other Italian Stanzas
and Prouerbs.*

By R. T. Gentleman.

*Cascan le Rose, et restan poi le spine,
Non iudicate nulla inanzi il fine.*



Printed at London by Valentine Sims
dwelling on Adling hill at the
signe of the white
Swanne.

1 5 9 7.

Two Tales

Translated out of English

The one is the life of a Man, the other
is a discourse of Women

By William Shakespeare
and Thomas

By R. T. G. G.

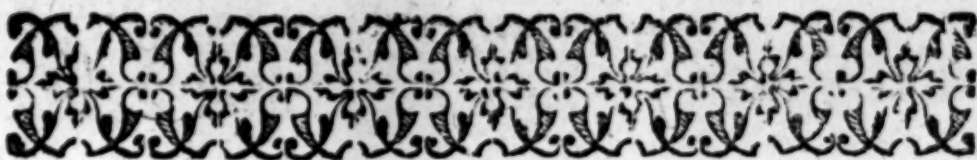
London: Printed by J. B. G. G.



Printed at London by Valentine Sims
Living on Abchurch Lane

1711

1711



*The Printer to the courteous and
Gentlemen Readers.*



Entlemen, these two Tales translated out of ARIOSTO, and the other Stanzies following, were not done by this Translator, to compare (as it were) with master HARRINGTONS verses (for he acknowledgeth himselfe euery way his inferiour) but for his owne private exercise, and at the earnest intreatie of some gentlemen his friends, all which he did in the yeere 1592. he being then in Italie: Yet the rather is hee content they should come abroad, because that by the harshnes of the one, you may perceiue the sweetenesse of the other. And thus not doubting of your wonted curtesies, I commit my selfe, and them to your fauourable constructions, and so bid you farewell.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE FIRST TALE:

Cant. 43. Stanza 11. beginning thus:

Qua su lasciasti vna citta vicina,

N Ot farre from hence you left a cittie nie,
Bout which a cristal riuer cleere doth run,
Into whose streame the surging Po doth hie
And fountains head doth from Benaco come

This cittie founded was (when cruelly
Thebes was destroyd) built by Agenors sonne)
There was I borne of ancient gentle blood,
But poore in wealth, in liuing and in good,

If Fortune at my birth had little care,
To make me rich in heapes of glittering gold,
Nature that fault supplide with beauty rare,
That fairer then my selfe none could beholde,
Both maides and married wiues goodwill me bare,
When I was young, their hearts for loue were colde,
For I was curteous, and still shewd the same,
(Although for one to praise himselfe tis shame.)

(By chaunce) within this cittie did abide,
A reuerend Sire, whose learning did surmount
Beyond all credit farre, who when he dide,
His yeares a hundred twentie eight did count,
From company he kept himselfe still wide,
Till in his latter age he left his wont,
For being in loue, through gifts (such was his lot,)
He of a matron faire, a maide begot.

The first Tale.

And to prouide the daughter should not be
Like to the mother, who for greedy gaine,
Did sell that gemme (sans price) her chastitie,
Worth faire more golde than doth in world remaine,
From place where was resort, he (here) did hie,
Where finding this alone and defart plaine,
This rich and sumptuous Pallace passing faire,
He diuells forc'te to make b'inchantment rare.

By women old and chaste, his daughter deere
He causde in this for to be nourished,
Where neuer man she once could see, or heare
To speake (whilst she was yong) was suffered,
And that she might of Ladies without peere,
Examples take, of such as banished
Al lawlesse loue, he made for hir delight,
Such to be carude, and drawne in colours right.

Not onely such as by their vertues rare,
Adorned haue the world in times thats past,
Whose glorious fame olde histories declare,
And make them liue whilst heau'n and earth shall last,
But such to come, who Italie most faire
Shall make through their behauour sweete and chaste
He causde their pictures liuely drawne to be,
As are these Eight you in this fountaine see.

At last, when he his daughter iudged ripe,
To ioyne with man in nuptiall married bed,
Whether my good lucke twas, or me to spite,
I chosen was fore others, her to wed,
These spacious fieldes about the walles in sight, (bred
With fish-ponds, champaine grounds where beasts are
(Which twenty miles in compasse bout do wind.)
He for his daughters dowry me asinde.

Faire was she, and so louely qualified,
As I desire could not, or couet more

The first Tale.

For cunning stich where needle, colours hide,
 The wittie Pallas she might goe before,
 Her touch on lute, and song did well describe,
 In heau'n, and not on earth that she was bore,
 And so to the liberall Artes she had given her minde,
 She little came her fathers skill behinde.

With wisedome great, with beauty (daunting blame)
 (Which would haue made to loue a senslesse stone)
 Was ioynde such loue, and sweetenesse to the same
 As makes my heart (to thinke thereon,) to groane,
 No ioy nor pleasure did she feele, but paine,
 Vnlesse she went, and was with me alone,
 Thus long we liude sans iarre or iealous gruch,
 At last, through folly mine we had too much.

When I fiae yeeres had liude a married man,
 My father in lawe did leaue this world of woe,
 And then to spring my sorrowes first began,
 Which yet I feele, and how the same Ile show,
 Whilst on my wife Loue breathde with chastest fau
 Fresh loue for me, which causde me loue her so.
 A noble Dame of this our Cittie here,
 Enamoured mightily of me did appeare.

She of enchantments and of witches craft,
 Did know as much as any sorceresse,
 The day as night, the night she day by Art,
 And sunne mooueleffe could make, the earth stil fresh
 As Maie, yet neuer could she mooue my heart,
 To heale her amorous wound remedileffe,
 With plaister such as well I could not giue,
 Vnlesse I should my wife vniustly grieue.

And though she curteous was and louely more,
 And though I knew she lou'de me as her selfe,
 Although she offered gifts and promist store,
 And laide before me baites of ticing pelfe,

The first Tale.

Yet not one iote of my goodwill therefore
Shee ere could get from me by amorous stealth,
To know my wife to me was constant true,
My heart and fancie to her wholly drew.

The hope, the firme beliefe, sure certainty,
I held of my deare Spouses loyalnesse,
Would me haue made the beauty to deny
Of Ledas daughter, and her daintinesse,
Or th'other proffers which on Ida hic,
Had Paris by the angry Goddesses,
Yet were not my repulses of such strength,
That I could rid my hands of her at length.

One day as forth, this witch of Pallas mine,
Melissa found me, (so each did her call)
And to discourse with me had space and time,
She found the meanes to turne my sweete to gall,
That faith I had still of my wife so kind,
Through iealousie she causde from heart to fall,
Beginning thus : She praised mine intent,
Faithfull to be where faithfulnessse was meant.

But say thou canst not, faithfull is thy Wiue,
Lesle first (quoth she) of her thou triall make,
Put case the loyalst wench she be aliue,
If false she hath not, yet she fall may take,
Then if thou n'er her from thy side depriue,
Nor other man than thee, sees sleepe, or wake,
How hast thou this foole hardinesse to say?
She constant is like to the Laurel Bay.

Do but absent thy selfe awhile from home,
Through citie and through country giue thou out,
That thou art parted, and leaue her alone
And licence Louers come with reuell rowt,
If she by luring gifts or piteous mone
Make not strange grafts within thy braine to sprowt.
And

The first Tale.

And seek to hide the same, hauing done amisse,
Then maist thou rightly say, she honest is.

With such strange speech, and to the same much lecke
Th'enchantresse (subtill) egges me onward still,
That I to know my Ladies faith will seeke
By prooffe to see, hap to me good or ill,
Suppose (quoth I) the nuptiall bands she breke,
Which I cannot beleue, beleue nor will
How may I afterward my selfe assure,
If praise, or shame she merites to endure?

Melissa answered; Ile bestowe on thee
A Cup to drinke in, of rare Vertue strange,
(Morgana's worke) that brother hers might see,
How oft from faith Geneuora did range,
Who a wife hath chaste, drinke in't may frank & free,
But, he cannot, if she be giuen to change:
For when he thinks the wine to drinke therein,
It spils and spurts in bosome strait of him.

Before thou part, I will the same thou proue,
And without shedding drop, thou drink it shall,
For I do know thy wife's yet true in loue,
As soone thou this effect see plainly shal;
But if at thy returne thy hart thee moue
Triall to make, I doubt what will befall,
For if not shedding in bosome drinke thou can,
Then Ile count thee the happiest married man.

This proffer (with the Cup) she doth bestowe
On me, I do accept and put in vre
The prooffe, and finde (as I desired) to know
My leuing Mate, chaste to me, constant, pure
Melissa saith, a little from her go,
A month or two to stay from home endure:
Then turne againe and trie, if in this Cup,
Thou without spilling, canst the wine drinke vp.

L

The first Tale.

To me it seemde a death, to go my way,
Not that I doubted of her faith so much,
As, cause a day, I could not from her stay,
No not an houre, my loue to her was such,
Ile make thee finde the trueth of this, did say
Melissa, if thou wilt by other touch,
Change shalt thou speech and wotdes for this intent,
And (like another) fore her thy selfe present.

Hearke how. The Po a citie doth defend,
Which stands hereby with fierce and threatning Horn
Whose iurisdiction doth from hence extend
To the place where Sea his ebbe and flow doth turne,
For auncientnesse it yeeldes, but doth contend
With others, richnes such doth it adorne.
The Troyans Offspring there, first plot did lay,
Which scaped from the scourge of Attila.

In treasure rich, a louely youthfull Knight,
This Cittie bridle doth with lordly raine,
Who after Falcon ranne (which did alight
One day by chance in pallace thine) amaine:
Where he thy wife sawe, who so at first sight
Pleasde him, as signe in heart doth still remaine,
And many shifts he vsed afterward
To his desire to make her bowe (too hard.)

Yet her repulses sharpe, so bitter were,
That he his sute gaue ore as desperate,
But yet her beauty, which Loue drawne had there,
Within his minde he helde, and n'er forgate.
Melissa so me flattered, in mine eare,
As I content was she should lay this plat:
And me she changde (but how I know not D
Like him in speech, and fauour sodainely.

I had (before) vnto my wife yfainde,
That towards the Leuant, I parted was to goe:
But in this youthfull louer being changde,

The first Tale.

In gate, in voyce, in habite, and in show,
I with my Witch returnde, who still remainde
With me, and tooke of Page the shape as tho,
And gemmes of price had, which as we did faine,
From th'Indians and the Eritreans came.

I which did know ech doore of pallace mine,
Boldly entred, Melissa following me,
And found my Woman then at such a time,
As man nor maide I there with her could see,
I shew my grieve, and then with cunning fine,
(The Spurres of euill, if so she will agree)
I offer Rubies, Diamonds, Emeraulds, such
As would haue moude a minde more chaste by much.

And tell her, this is but a trifle small,
To such rare Iewels, as afterward shall come,
The opportunitie she hath withall
I shew her, sith her husband is from home,
Then (as she knew) I prayde to mind to call,
How I to be her Louer still haue showne:
And that I louing her with loue so chaste,
Well worthy was of some rewarde at last.

Much was she grieude at first these words to heare,
Nor would she heare me speake, but blusht for shame,
But seeing those costly gems, which shone more cleare
Than fire, her stubberne hart, strait meek became,
And answered with a soft and fainting cheare,
That, which to thinke on makes me dead remaine,
That if she were assurde none might this know,
She ready was this pleasure me to show.

This speech to my heart as poisoned dart did come,
Through which my soule (me thought) transfixed was:
Through euery ioint a sodaine cold did run,
My speech remaind twixt iawes, nor forth could passe:
Melissa, who her Chauntments had vndone,

The first Tale.

Turnde me into my proper shape and face,
Imagin how she lookte, when found by me,
Her selfe she sawe in so fowle fault to be.

Both of vs pale became, as death most like,
Both of vs speechlesse, with our eyes on ground,
Scarce had my faltring tongue such force and might,
Thus to crie out (griefe so my heart did wound,)
And wouldst thou then betray me (shamelesse wight?
When who would buy mine honor) thou hadst found?
To this no answer gaue she me at all,
But teares like orient pearles on cheekes let fall.

Great was her shame, her coller more, not lesse,
To see me gainst her worke this strange disgrace,
And so increast (at last) in headinesse,
As rage and deadly hate in her tooke place:
Seeking to flie from me with speedinesse,
And when the Sunne had run his wonted race,
She to the riuer steales, where all the night
In Barge she rowes away with maine and might.

And in the morning doth her selfe present
Before that Knight, who her long time had lou'de,
Vnder whose habite false and shape I went,
When witleffe gainst mine honour I her mou'de.
Iudge you how welcome, she, and her intent
Was, to him, who n'er thought such ioy t'haue prou'de:
Thence word she sent me (which as death doth gore)
That n'er she would be mine, nor loue me more.

Wo is me, from that day vnto this, in ioy
She liues with him, and iesteth at my griefe,
And I (thanks to my selfe) in this annoy
Do pine away, and no where finde reliefe,
Still growes it, and iust tis, it me destroy,
And little now remaines my dayes to brieve,
Nor scarce I thinke, the first yeere had I liu'd,
But that one thing to me hath comfort giuen.

The first Tale.

The comfort's this, that of so many men,
Which here for ten yeeres space y-lodged be,
(For I this Cup doe offer all of them)
Not one (sauns sheading) drinke I yet could see,
To see, (as mine,) so many, with like wem
Vpon their cheeke, some comfort is to me,
If thou onely done, amongst so many hast
Wisely, for to refuse so dangerous taste.

My curious will, which made me search to know,
(More than I ought) the manners of my Wife,
Makes care and grieve fresh in me still to grow,
And forceth me to leade a hellish life.
Of this Melissa glad herselfe did show,
(But small it durde) being author of this strife,
For I her hated so, for this my ill,
That her I n'er would see, and so do still.

She taking this my hate impatient
Whome she to loue more then her selfe did faine,
Where Lady of my heart incontinent,
She thought in place of th'other to remaine,
Not for to haue her grieve so nigh, she went
Heauie from hence, because of my disdaine,
And from this country wandred she so far,
As after neuer newes I heard of her.

Thus saide and ceast, the wofull Caualiere,
Who liude in anguish to his latest day,
Too late repenting that his louely Pheere
Through folly his, he forst to go her way:
A caueat good for iealous heads to beare
In minde, lest for their paines they finde like pay,
To whom I wish such lucke as had this Knight,
And to their Wiues like change for their delight.

Siena 28. di Luglio 1592.



THE SECOND TALE

Cant. 43. Stanza 73. beginning thus

Gia su di questa.

Terra, vn Anselmo di famiglia degna.



Wthin this citty dwelt not long agoe,
One calld Anselmo, of rich family, (know,
Who, Student like his youth did spend, to
The Laws which Vlpian taught most curi-
At last he tought a wife, which wel might show (only
His match, for birth, for fame and honesty:
And one (by chance) not farre from hence he found,
The fairest Wench that euer trod on ground.

With sweete behauiour, such a heavenly grace,
As she did seeme al Loue and Amorousnes,
And for his state (perhaps) too lustie was,
Whose yeeres (good man) craude not such youthfulness:
No sooner had he her, but he did passe
For iealousie, that tong cannot the same expresse,
Not that she gaue him cause so for to care,
But, cause she was so wittie and so faire.

In this selfe Citty was a worthy Knight,
Of ancient stocke and honorable race,
Who did descend from that same Linage hight,
Which sprung from out the iawes and Serpents face,
Whence Manto, with many a worthy wight
That Mantua built, are comen in like case:
This Cauallier Adonio had to name,
Who fell enamored of this daintie Dame.

The second Tale.

And for to gaine her loue, in princelike wise,
 Without all reason he beganne to spend
 In rich Attire, in Feasts, in strange Deuise,
 Or what to make him famous more did tend:
 Tiberius themperors gold, could scarce suffice,
 For charges such, although twas without end,
 So (as I guesse) scarce passed were two yeere,
 But that consumde both land and liuing were.

His house which was before frequented so,
 With troupes of fained friendes both night and day,
 Al desolate remainde, when once the show
 Of Phesant, Quaile, and Partridge did decay,
 And he which captaine of the crue did goe
 Before, behinde the doore as now doth stay:
 And seeing himselfe, by spending thus orethrowne,
 He thought to go where ner he should be knowne.

With this intent one morning early, he
 Without leaue taking, leaues his natue home,
 And with salt teares and sighes most heauily,
 Along the citties moated wall doth come,
 Nor can he Lady his, from memory
 Let slip, (a cause of second grieve and mone)
 When, lo, from greatest ill, a sodaine chance
 To greatest good, (vnlookte for) him doth vance.

He seeth a country Clowne with cudgel great,
 Belaboring in the field a bush amaine,
 Wherewith he stayes, and why he so doth beate
 That vncouth place, demaundeth of the Swaine,
 Who answers, that within that hedgy Set,
 An old and hugie Snake did there remaine,
 So great and long, as nere he saw before
 In all his life, nor thought he see should more.

Affirming, thence he would not wend his way,
 Before that he had found and killd her there,

The first Tale.

Adonio, when he heard him so to say,
No longer patiently those wordes could heare,
For vnto Snakes a fauour bare he ay,
And for their Armes, his House the same did beare
In memory, his Predecessors came,
Of Serpents teeth ylowne, by Cadmus slaine.

And so much with this peasant did and said,
That (gainst his will) he left that enterprise,
So as the Snake slaine was not, or more fraid,
Nor hurt, or sought for more in any wise.
Adonio (after) so his journey made,
As none, nor him, nor his estate descries:
And in great neede, and grieve of mind doth beare
His countries absence almost seu'n whole yeare.

Yet neither distance far, from cittie thence,
Nor wretched life he did sustaine through neede,
His wandring thoughts from ancient loue could fence,
Which still afresh within his heart doth breede,
And him doth force againe to his louing Wench
To turne, his eyes on beauty hers to feede:
With bushie beard, sicke cheere, and ragged weede,
His way from whence he came he takes with speede.

Meane time, it hapt our Citie had to send
Bout busines great to the Pope, an Orater,
Who on his Holinesse should wait and tend,
How long, none knew, this lute for to prefer,
(The lots cast) tis the Iudges' lucke to wend,
A dismall day for this Ambasslater,
He faine's excuse, prayes, giues, with promise moe,
To stay at home (but forc'te) he needes must goe.

Not vnto him so cruel had it beene,
And he supported had with lesser grieve,
His bowels ripped forth for to haue scene:
And bloody heart, torne out, without reliefe.

The second Tale.

Through iealous feare with visage pale and leane,
 In absence his, his Wife he doubteth chiefe,
 Yet in best maner, with sweete words most trim,
 He prayes her, she will true be vnto him.

Saying, a woman, neither Favour faire,
 Nobility, nor Fortunes worldly wealth
 Famous can make, and in truth nor care,
 If chaste in life she be not of hir selfe,
 And that such Vertue, alwayes triumph bare,
 Which being forc'te, yeeldes not, for life or Pelfe.
 Great prooffe whereof, whilst he should absent be,
 He said, he haue should of her Chastitie.

With these and such like speeches to the same,
 He her persuaues, that she would constant dure:
 For his departure she doth waile amaine,
 And of her faith, she weeping doth him sure,
 Swearing, the Sunne first darkened shall remaine,
 Before she once wil staine her Honor pure,
 And that shee'le bide to die a thousand time,
 Than once be spotted with so foule a crime.

Although he at her vowes and promise sweete
 Some credite gaue, and quiet was in show,
 Yet leaue he did not, further for to seeke
 (Cause for to haue indeede to waile and woe)
 A friend he had, for cunning great, none leeke,
 Of things to come, the certaine to foreshow,
 Of sorcery, Lots casting, Magicke Art,
 All knew he, or of all, the greatest part.

To him he goes, and prayes him take the paine,
 By his rare skill, the truth to him to show,
 If that Argia (so his Wife had name)
 Should (whilst he broade were) honest be or no,
 Whereto he strait agreeing (intreated so)
 His Compas takes, the Poles he measures plaine,

The second Tale.

**Anselmo leaues him studying; and next day
For answer of him, takes his ready way.**

**Th'astronomer, not for to tell what might
The Doctor gall, kept silence for a while,
And sought excuse to hide it from his sight,
But when he sawe he was as one with Chile,
To know his ill, he saide, her faith once plight
She breake should, ere he gone was forth one mile,
Not forc'te by Prayers, or Beauty in this case,
But foully being corrupt by gaine most base.**

**Ioynde to first feare and doubt he had as now,
The threatnings of the angry Heauens aboue,
How he did feele himselfe imagin thou,
If such like chance hath hapned thee in Loue,
Yet that which makes his heart to burst and bow,
And most of all his galled minde doth moue,
Is for to know, orecome with Auarice,
Sheele sell her Honor at a worthlesse price.**

**Now to preuent what possible might be,
That into Errors such she might not fall,
(For Want makes men the Alters oft we see,
To robbe, that they may liue from needy Thrall,
Such iewels and gold, as he had vnder key,
(For he had mountaines) to her gaue he all,)
Rents, Leales, Debts, Reuenues of his land,
And all he had he put into her hand.**

**With leaue (quoth he) not onely thou this Wealth
For thy expenses (as shall like thee) take,
But as thou please, sell, spend this paltry Pelfe,
Waste, and consume, and hauocke of all make,
Nor other count Ile haue (ere) of thy selfe
So, as I leaue thee, I may (louing Mate)
Find thee the same, so, such I find thee may,
Sell, House, Farme, Liuing, Lease, and all away.**

The second Tale.

Besides, when he shall part, he her doth pray
 She would to the Country, to her Mannor wend,
 And not within the noysome cittie stay,
 Where she might liue more free from troubles pend:
 All this saide hee, because he thought not ay,
 Those country Swaines who beasts and plows do tend,
 Could ere corrupt by subtile shifts most rife,
 The chaste desires of his beloued Wife.

Meane while Argia doth with armes embrace,
 And hangs her fearefull husbands necke about,
 And doth with pearly drops bedew that face,
 Which forth from eies, as from a fountaine sprowt,
 It grieues her she is blamed in this case,
 As if already she had causde him doubt:
 And that from hence suspicion his vniust
 Did spring, bicause her Faith he did mistrust.

Orelong it were, all here for to be pend,
 Which at his parting, said was by them both,
 At last (quoth he) mine Honor I commend
 To thee, and so doth wend his way, though loath:
 And surely then his life seemde for to end,
 When horse he turnes, and riding from her goth,
 She him lookes after, till he is out of sight,
 Sweete teares distilling from Loues Lymbecke bright.

Meane while wretched Adoniopale and wan,
 And (as I said before) much changde to see,
 Towardes country his, his iourney tooke (poore man,)
 Hoping he should not knowne of any be:
 And by that Lake hard by the cittie came,
 Where he the Snake from country Boore did free,
 Who her besieging, in the hedge had pent,
 And meant to kill her, ere away he went.

Arriuing there, bout dawning of the day,
 (For yet the skies some starres cleere shining bare)

The second Tale.

He saw to come in princely garments gay,
Towardes him alongst the shore a Lady faire,
And though nor Man, nor Maide with her did stay,
Her presence shewd, she was a Persnage rare,
Who him accosts with sweete and gracious cheare,
And after, him salutes, as you shall heare.

Although (sir Knight) to you vnknowne I am,
Yet I your Parent hight, much to you bound,
For both of vs from worthy Cadmus came,
And to descend from that same line are found:
The Fairy Manto am I (of whose name,
Because to build this Cittie, I in ground
The first stone laide, it Mantua called is,
As oft th'ast heard, vnlesse my markes I misse.)

Of Fairies one am I, and of our fatall starre,
(Cause it importes vs) to thee shew I will:
In such a time borne were we, as we are
(Excepting death) subiect to eu'ry ill,
But (so) to be immortall worse is farre,
Then for to die, for (liuing) die we still,
Since each of vs, each seuenth whole day is sure,
From Fate, to Snake (change so) that time to dure.

To see our selues closde in so foule a skin,
And crawling creepe, so loathsome is a sight,
As to the world no vglie thing can seeme,
And curse we do the houre we first sawe light.
How I, beholding to thee much haue beene,
(For I will shew thee whence this comes aright:)
Know then, that whilst in snakie shape we lurke,
We are in danger of great harmes and hurt.

No liuing thing on earth is hated so,
As Serpents are, and we which haue their forme,
If we be spide, do suffer wracke and woe,
Each one assailing vs, with furious storme,

The second Tale.

If we some hole finde not wherein to goe:
 Our skinner, with blowes are all to beate and torne,
 And better a thousand times to die it were,
 Than maimde and lame, such plagës stil for to beare.

Much am I bound to thee; for on a time
 As thou didst passe along this pleasant Shade,
 From country Carle thou sau'dst this life of mine,
 Who in this place, me, dead for feare sore fraid,
 And had't not bin for thee this heauy signe
 I borne had on my backe, who loade on laid,
 Or at the least had made me 'smembred lie,
 Though twas not in his power to make me die.

For whilst we traile like Snakes our breasts on ground,
 The Planets, which vnto vs subiect are
 At other times, now (contrary) are found,
 We wanting force, their power from vs they barre:
 At other times, the Sunne by vs is bound
 Still for to stand, more darke than Darkenesse farre,
 The earth to moue, and turne in strangest guise,
 The Ice to flame, and fire to melt like Ice.

Now am I come to thanke thee for thy paine,
 And this good turne done me, to recompence,
 Aske what thou wilt, (nor ask't shalt thou in vaine)
 For now I am free from Vipers shape and sence,
 Thrice richer than thy father did remaine
 I will thou be, before thou goe from hence,
 Nor though thou wouldst, thou ere more shalt be poore
 But still, the more thou spendst, rich shalt be more.

And forbicause I know th'art still in loue,
 Where first thou wast (nor change canst thy desire)
 A way Ile shew thee forthy best behoue,
 How thou maist to thy wished will aspire,
 I will foorthwith this counsell mine thou proue,
 (For iealous Husband is from home, not by her)

The second Tale.

Thou to the Country (where she bides) shalt wend,
And I to help thee, wil on thee attend.

And therewithall she gan most cunningly,
To teach him how himselfe he should present
Fore Lady his, how her to tempt and trie,
What Weeds to weare to further his intent,
And doth bethinke what shape most fittingly
She take should for her selfe, for this attempt,
For but the terme, whilst she liude as a Snake,
She might what forme she pleasde vpon her take.

In habite of a pouer Pelegrine,
She him doth change which begs from doore to doore
Her selfe into a little Dog so small and fine,
As Nature n'er had made the like before,
With curld haire, white like to the Armeline,
For making strange, but strange for tricks much more:
Thus metamorpholde both, they take their way,
Towards Argiaes house, where she did stay.

And first amongst her Plowmen and her Hindes,
Before he would into her Mannor go.
His oten pipe, with cunning great he windes;
At sound whereof, the Dog to Dance doth show:
This noyse and newes Argia straitway findes,
And she would see if it were true or no,
And causde the beggar come into their court,
As was the Doctors Destiny and Sort.

And there Adonio doth his Dog commaund,
(Who dauncing many Galliardes) him obayes,
Both Ours, and Forraine he doth vnderstand,
With trickes, the Measures iust, he keepes alwayes,
In brieft he knowes so well in turne of hand
To do what he is bid, whilst thother plaies,
That whoso seeth him, in loue's with him so,
As not from thence his eies lets willing goe.

The second Tale.

The Lady at this same doth much admire,
 And longs to haue this prety Puppy small,
 And by her Nurse, for price doth it require,
 (As she doth thinke) she might haue sped withall.
 If I, quoth he, more wealth had, than desire
 Could in the greedy mindes of Women fall,
 Sufficent valure were it not, nor boote,
 No not to buy my little Dogge his foote.

And for to shew he naught but truth had told,
 He tooke the Nurse into a corner by,
 And willd his Dog one peece of purest gold
 To giue to her, in signe of Curtesie:
 He shakte his haire, the coyne she did beholde.
 Adonio vvilld her take it presently,
 Saying, Now tell me, thinkst thou any prise,
 Able to buy my Dog in worthy vvise?

Whatso I will, the same I neuer misse,
 Nor ere vvith emptie hands I turne from him:
 And euer vvhen he shakes his haire, it is,
 Or Ring, or Pearle, or Garments rich and trim,
 Yet tell thy Dame, at her commandment tis,
 But not for golde, though I in golde might swimme:
 But if I lie vvith her one Night she vvill,
 The Dog is hers, to haue and holde it still.

So saide, a pretious Lemme new shakte on ground
 He giues the Nurse, her Mistris to present.
 Who thinkes a better bargaine she hath found,
 Than if a hundred Ducats her were sent:
 She turnes th'embassage she deliuers round,
 And her persuaues, hat she would be content
 To take the Dog: and taking to the same,
 At such a price, not loote she doth, but gaine.

At first Argia faire vnwilling seemes,
 Partly, because her faith she would not breake,

The second Tale.

Partly, because she such reportes still deemes
Most false, which she the crafty Nurse heard speake,
Who her persuaues, her will from thence she weenes,
Saying, so great a Good, Chance, seeld doth reake,
Which causde her point another day when she,
The Dog such wonders worke, alone might see.

This second Audience, which Adonio got,
The Iudges ruine wrought, and vtter fall,
His Dog dischargde such double golden shot,
Such chaines of pearle, gems, pretious stones withall,
As vanquisht heart did yeeld to th'assault so hot,
And sooner was the Breach made in this wall,
When she did know, this Knight her loue was,
Which for her sake from country long did passe.

The counsell still (her Proxie) to her gaue,
The prayers of her Louer there in place,
The gaine she sawe by this which she should haue,
The wretched Doctors absence in like case.
The hope that none for this would her depraue,
Each thought most chaste from breast away did chase:
As she the Dog doth take, which to requite,
She yeeldes her selfe a pray to his delight.

Adonio of his louely Lasse long time
Did reape the dulcet Sweet, to whom the Fate
So great good would, as she her selfe did bine
Ay for to stay with her in selfe same state:
The Sunne by order now had past ech signe,
Before the Iudge had leaue to part: though late
At last he turnes, but yet suspecting fore,
What the Astronomer foretolde before.

He being come to the Cittie, strait doth goe,
Vnto the house of this his friend, and prayes
He of his Wife, the trueth to him would show,
If (yet) she false or true vnto him stayer,

The second Tale.

The Site he of the Poles doth figure tho,
 And to each Planet giues his Place straightwaies,
 And after answered, that most true it was,
 That what he first feard, was now come to passe.

That through great gifts cotrupted was his Wife,
 By one whome she did loue and honour chiefe:
 This to the Doctors heart, went like a knife,
 Or farre by oddes, so pricking was his grieffe,
 Yet for to know the certaintie more rife,
 (Although too much before, he did beliefe)
 To the Nurse he goes, and taketh her apart,
 And for to know the same, doth vse great Art.

Like Blood-hound skild, he windes about the Bush,
 Now here, now there, to finde this cunning Trace,
 But (all in vayne,) for all at first was hush,
 Although great Arte he vsed in this Case:
 For, she as one that knew (at deadly push)
 To helpe, denied each thing with brasen Face:
 And (as a craftie Queane) one Month or more,
 She helde him in suspence, yet doubting fore.

But, had he known what grieffe the trueth would bring,
 Most sweete had seemde to him, thus, so to doubt:
 When he in vaine saw, that not any thing,
 From Nurse by Prayers or Giftes, he could bolt out,
 He thought to touch another kinde of String,
 And with great Cunning went the same about:
 Watching to see, if they would fall at iarre,
 *For where as Women be, is strife and warre.

And as he lookt for, so did hap the same:
 For at first Breach, which twixt them did arise,
 The Beldam (without seeking) to him came,
 And, all she knew, bewraid in spightfull wise:
 Which when he heard, Griefe (so) his heart did paine,
 As scarce to tell, no Tongue can well deuise.

The second Tale.

For little wanted he through Passions sadde,
That he became not then stauke staring madde.

In th'end, o'recome with rage, he doth dispose
To kill himselfe, (but first) his Wife to slay,
And that one bloodie Sword from both should lose,
From him his Griefe, from her, the Shame away:
Incens'd with Furie thus, he forthwith goes
To the Cittie, and selfe mind in him doth stay;
Thence, One he trustes, to his Mannour he doth will
To goe, and what he bids, doth charge fulfill.

The Charge is this; That to his Wife he tell
From him, to come from Countrie speedily,
For he an Ague hath so sharpe and fell,
As if she haste not, (ere she coms,) he'll dye,
So as if she will shew to loue him well,
She come with him, without more Companye:
She will come he knowes, and then in midst of way,
Her Throat he bids him cutte, without delay.

The Seruant, to his Mistresse, out of hand,
(As he was wil'd,) doth tell his errand strait:
Away she coms, as th'usband did command,
And takes with her her Dogge, (that friendly Fate)
Who made her (fore) this Danger i'vnderstand,
Yet bad her goe, not doubting her Estate:
For she (foreseeing the same) provided had
To helpe her, when she should be ill bestadde.

Out of right way, the Seruant now was gonne,
By diuers vncooth Pathes not vsde at all,
Chaunſing a Riuer for to light vpon,
Which in this Flood, from Th'appenine doth fall,
Where was a Wood, on which no Sunne had shonnet
From Village wide, and farre from Citties Wall:
This secret Place, (for his Intent most fit)
He thought, what he vv as vvild, for to commit.

The second Tale.

He drawes his Sword, and his Authoritie
 To his Mistresse, (from his Lorde) he telleth plaine,
 And therefore wills her, God and World to crie
 Mercie, before she dyeth, for sinfull Shame.
 I know not how, she vanisht sodainly :
 But when he thought her, there for to haue slaine,
 No more he saw her, though he sought all day,
 So as a Foole he came, he went away.

Backe to the Iudge returnes he much ashamde,
 Astonisht and amazde with fearefull cheere,
 And doth r'account this Accident so framde ;
 Anselmo, what to thinke well of this geere
 Knoweth not, nor that the Manto Fate remaind
 At Seruice of his Wife, he ne're did heare:
 For when to him, the Nurse the rest reuealde,
 This onely (why I know not) she concealde.

He knowes not what to doe ; for of the spight
 He's not reuengde, nor lessened is his Woe :
 What first a Straw was, (now) a Beame's in sight,
 So heauie lyeth it at his Heart below:
 The Fault few knew, he now hath made so bright,
 As shrode he doubttes, each one the same will know,
 The first Scape might be hidde. The second, hard,
 And each where would be publisht afterward.

Too well he knew, that since he had bewraid
 His cruell minde, when her, he would haue kild,
 (Because to turne againe she was afraid)
 She to some Personage great her selfe would yield,
 Who her would keepe, whilst he a Skorne is made,
 And onely (to his Shame) by Th'others held:
 Perhaps (who knowes) with such one, she may gree,
 As may both Ruffian and Adnlterer bee.

In haste therefore he sendes, this to preuent,
 By Postes, and Letters, for to finde her out :

The second Tale.

Who (here and there) demaunding for her went,
Through all the Citties Lombardie about:
Himselfe (in th'end) doth goe for this intent,
Leauing no Place, that is not sought by Skout:
But (all in vaine) which makes him much to muse,
Where she should bide, he neuer could haue newes.

At last, the Man, to whom in trust he past
To kill his Wife, (which Drift the Fate did marre)
He causde to bring him to that place in hast,
Where she escapt, to see if she were there:
Might be, she kept in hedge, whilst day did last.
And to some house, when Night was, did repaire:
This thought he; So his Man him guides, where he,
In stead of Wood, a Pallace strange doth see.

Meane time Argia faire, had made the Fate
A Pallace, (framde of Alabaster rych
By strange Enchantment) sodenly to make,
All Gold it seemde, and fairer then **NONE SYCH**,
None can of it describe the pompous State:
Faire was't without, richer within by mych,
That, of my Lordes (vvhich you last night to passe
For Cost did thinke) to this a Cottage was.

For, not alone the Halles vvere costly dighte,
And Chambers vwith rich Hangings fashiond newe,
But Sellars and the Stables had the like,
And furnisht vwith such Stuffe you might them vievv:
Such Plate, and so much, as count could no Wighr.
All sortes of precious Stone of sundry hevv
The Cuppes and Platters vvere meate for to hold:
And vwithour ende, the Clothès of Silke and Gold.

Novv as I saied before, it chaunst to be
The Iudges lucke, to come there in meane space,
Where, then, he not so much did thinke to see
As Cottage poore, but shaddovving vvhodie Place;

The second Tale.

And at this Chance so musde and marueld he
 He knew not where he was, in such a case,
 He knew not if he slept, or waken were,
 Or if his Braine did swimme with double beere.

He spieth an Ethiop, standing at the doore,
 In shap deformde, so vgly, as in minde,
 So bad a Good-face, he n'er saw before,
 Nor possible his match so foule to finde,
 Than Esop thousand times deformed more,
 His Lookes, enough to make One (sodaine) blinde,
 Besmeerde, begreasde, Tom Tarrarag in Attire,
 Nor yet the halfe, I tell of this sweete Squire.

Anselmo seeing him (seeing none other Man,
 Of whom he might demaund whose House it is)
 Askes him, if he this doubt resolue him can,
 Who answereth, Yea, And Lord am I of This,
 The Iudge thinkes surely, as he there doth stan,
 The Moore doth mocke him, and that is not his,
 But with great Oathes the Negro sweares most plaine,
 His is this Pallace, and All in the same.

And offers him to see it, if he like,
 To enter, and a view thereof to take,
 Requesting him, if aught him there delight,
 To vse it for himselfe or his friends sake:
 The Iudge his Horse giues to his Man, this Sight
 To see, and bold of Courtisie this doth make:
 And being shewd Halles, Galleries, Chambers such,
 He marketh eu'ry Rowme with maruell much.

The Forme and Site, the curious Building wrought,
 He wonders at, and Golden Treasures rare,
 And often saith, the Worlde's whole Wealth is nought,
 In Price to Pallace this so rich and faire:
 The lothsome Moore, who long these words had sought
 Strait saide, And yet at Worth they valewed are,

The second Tale.

Though Gold nor Siluer thou for this canst pay,
Yet, what doth cost thee lesse, giue me thou may.

And therewithall, doth make to him Request,
As did Adonio to his Wife before:
For which Demaund the Iudge thinkes him a Beast,
And Bedlem like to haue of wit small store,
Nor (though repulsed oft) to leaue doth rest,
But with so apt persuations egges him sore,
His Pallace for requitall offering still,
That he at last yeeldes to his shamelesse will.

Argia stoode (though hid) yet nigh enough,
Who when she saw him in this Error fall,
Leapt forth strait crying, This is goodly stuffe,
That I a Doctor finde helde sage of All,
To do such Sinne, and with so foule a Chuffe,
Iudge if him (shamde and grieude) she did not gall:
He rather wisht he suncke had bin in ground,
Than she with this vile Act, him should haue found.

His Wife more for his Shame, and her Excuse,
Begins to thunder Scoldes Shot, mightily,
Saying, to plague thee what way might I chuse?
For what th'alt done with such a Beast as he,
If I (orecome to do sweete Natures vse)
By Louers prayers, thou thoughtst to murther me,
Who faire and louely was, and gaue me such
A present, as thy House excells by much:

If I one Death deserued in thy minde,
Know, thou to haue a hundred worthy art,
And though my selfe so strong I here do finde,
As I might make thee to repent from heart,
Yet will I not to thee be so vnkinde,
Nor aught Reuenge, but this, seeke for my part,
Set the Goose giblets, gainst the Hare his foote,
Forgiue me, as I thee, from hearty roote.

The second Tale.

Lets live in peace for euer and a day,
 Remembring neuer more these Follies past,
 That I of thee, nor thou of me, n'er may
 Through mallice of these scapes in teeth be caſt.
 This liked well her Husband euery way,
 Who to agreement this, was not the laſt:
 So to their Houſe in peace they turnde againe,
 And (euer after) louing did remaine.

Epilogue.

THus by the wiſedome of this Louely Wiſe,
 All former faults (ſoone) quite forgotten be,
 I doubt me (nowadayes) few ſuch are riſe,
 Which would vnto the ſame ſo willing gree,
 And chiefly when their Huſbands ſinne in life
 Againſt ſweete BEVTIES HEIRES ſo monſtrouſly,
 But maruell none, the Doctours Hornes were blinde,
 Where he ſhould go before, he went behinde.

Lennyoy.

ANd you (faire Ladie) who have heard this Tale,
 Vouchſate to thinke I am that Louing Knight,
 The Iudge your Huſband, though he doth not faile
 As th'other did, yet failes his Vow once plight,
 Not Goodes for you, but Life He ſpend and All,
 To ioy once more the fauour of your Sight,
 I cannot giue a Golden Dogge as he,
 And yet (perhaps) what ſhall more pleaſing be.

Dixi R. T.

In Napoli agli 27. di Marzo. 1593.